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HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 573.)

Sept. 16.

The Cathedral programme on Thursday morning included three works, each of distinctive interest. First in order came Dr Garrett's new cantata, *The Shunamite*; next, Beethoven's Mass in C; and last, a liberal selection from Molique's Norwich oratorio, *Abraham*. Such a group, aided by weather of a genuinely festive character, would be relied upon anywhere to attract a large gathering of amateurs. In these western shires, however, there is an invincible indifference to novelties. I have pointed out the fact over and over again, when discussing the Festival programmes, and it is one which should always be kept in mind. The managers here know well that its consideration is a matter of first necessity with them. They dare not fly in the face of their public, as some advisers would have them do. Ruin would inevitably follow, and, after all, the strongest opponents of the present régime must admit that it is better for provincial amateurs to hear the great classic masterpieces they know and love than to hear nothing. The lesson of these circumstances was forcibly taught to-day by a meagre attendance, several parts of the Cathedral being almost empty. Yet one consoling fact remains. The "sacred oratorio" is set down for to-morrow morning, and, as on many like occasions, will make up lost ground.

Dr Garrett's *Shunamite* was not heard to-day for the first time, its production having taken place at a concert given in Cambridge last June by the University Choral Society. The work came here, nevertheless, as an absolute novelty to the Festival public, who might have been expected to anticipate with real interest the musical treatment of a theme so full of pathetic human feeling. In preparing his libretto, Dr Garrett had two courses open before him; first, to found a drama upon the Biblical incidents; next, to take the Scriptural narrative as it stands and make it the basis of didactic exposition. Both are legitimate, but it was to be expected from the composer's training and antecedents that he would adopt the more common, more easy, and, probably, more congenial second course. This he did, and hence the book of the *Shunamite* consists of a story broken up into many parts, each the text of a disquisition in the familiar Greek chorus style. The interest of the narrative is, of course, weakened in proportion to the copiousness and frequency of the interpolated "lessons," which, I may as well say at once, Dr Garrett scatters about his work with an unsparing hand. Some of them are almost forced upon it. For example, when the Shunamite invites her husband to prepare a chamber for Elisha, the chorus warns us, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." When the woman is promised a son, no fewer than three reflective numbers spring out of the incident, while Elisha's prayer, as he kneels alone by the body of the child, is actually interrupted, that the comment of some impossible lookers on may be heard. With the subject of a cantata or oratorio treated in this manner, the work becomes not so much an illustration of incident, as a series of anthems tacked together by a slight thread of narrative. Dr Garrett evidently intended such a result, his music savouring more of the church than of the concert platform, with its liberty of dramatic expression. The *Shunamite* might, indeed, have been written in an organ loft. It has all the comparative stiffness and constraint of the music thought most suitable to a respectable Englishman's well-regulated religious sentiment. The effect is at times decidedly irritating. We wish that the composer would for once let himself go, instead of pulling up with an eye on the law of decorum. He refuses all opportunities, however, and the steady flow of anthem-like music goes on with a "prunes and prism" expression that would commend itself to Mrs General as the pink of propriety. Observe that I am not saying anything against Dr Garrett's anthems as such. I only insist that when a man takes up a dramatic subject he should treat it in a dramatic spirit rather than make it the text of a high and dry musical sermon. The character of the writing in this work may be supposed free from the faults into which the tyro easily falls. Dr Garrett is, *ex officio*, a learned musician, to whom the tools of his

craft and the correct manner of their application are familiar. His work, therefore, commends itself by being well made, but would do so still more were its outline less stiff and formal. It is here that the composer's training as a church musician has stood in his way. He does not seem to have been aware of the liberty allowed him, or else he shrank from using it, and the result is that the music strikes an attentive listener as being a lot of phrases carefully assorted and started in orderly procession. All this might be pardoned if the ideas of the work were elevated above commonplace. Dr Garrett is not wholly incapable of such distinction, as certain parts of the *Shunamite* prove. Take for example the choruses "Children are an heritage" and "Death is come up into our windows," both of which are distinctive and remarkable. But, as a rule, the music falls upon the ear like a tale that is told. We have heard it all before. It belongs to the ordinary colloquialisms of the art. A feature in the design of the cantata should not be overlooked. Dr Garrett makes liberal use of phrases intended, by their occasional recurrence, to bring to mind conditions and events that have passed. In his employment of this device he shows considerable ingenuity, and from it springs much of whatever interest the work excites. Taking a general view of the *Shunamite*, I cannot hope to see it occupying a high place among its kind. The cantata belongs to manufactured music. It never had a *raison d'être* in the inward necessity of an inspired soul to make outward utterance. The characters were distributed thus: The Shunamite, Miss Anna Williams; Narrator, Miss Hilda Wilson (who took the same part at Cambridge); Elisha, Mr Boyle; Gehazi, Mr King. Mr Boyle was not quite happy in the work he had to do, and needed watching; but his associates discharged their task right well, Miss Anna Williams—who is singing admirably here—deserving special mention. The performance, as a whole, was more slipshod than can be excused by ever so much consideration for an inexperienced conductor, who was no other than the composer himself.

Beethoven's "Mass in C" followed the *Shunamite*, and made the effect usual at these Festivals. The Mass was given to-day under circumstances of special advantage as regards its solos. It seems to have been felt that Beethoven's music deserves the best available interpreters; and Miss Williams, Mme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley were all engaged upon it, with results easy to imagine. There can be no need of eulogy of this work, since it long ago passed beyond the range of criticism. The mass will ever rank as one of its composer's most divine productions, and as an offering upon the altar of religion worthy before most others of acceptance. Such music is never heard to greater advantage than at a Cathedral Festival; save, of course, in its proper place as a part of divine service. Under the conditions which ruled to-day religious significance comes in full force to the aid of musical beauty, and the entire effect is one that impresses the heart, while it commands intellectual homage.

The programme closed with a copious selection from Molique's oratorio *Abraham*—a work as strange to the public ear as though it had been written only yesterday. *Abraham* was first produced at the Norwich Festival of 1860, and obtained, if I am not mistaken, a hearing in London and elsewhere shortly after. Soon, however, it dropped out of sight and almost out of memory. *Prima facie*, this gives good reason for believing that *Abraham* is unworthy of life, but to arrive at such a conclusion would be utter injustice. The work is written throughout in the school of Mendelssohn, with occasional reminiscences of Spohr, whom Molique greatly admired, and it appeared at a time when Mendelssohnian echoes, aroused by the immense popularity of *Elijah*, were everywhere prevailing. Public taste quickly became surfeited with one style of music, and the boldest and best of the great composer's imitators then had little chance. Besides, Mendelssohn alone filled the public mind; the master left no room for the disciples; nor when his fascinating strains were heard would the public ear listen to any other. Circumstances are different now, for while Mendelssohn retains the commanding position which will ever be his, new masters and new styles have arisen to create a greater diversity and to make impos-

sible the palling of any one upon the general taste. Therefore, works like Molique's *Abraham* have at last a chance, and the revival of the oratorio here must be accounted a timely act. It is a useful act also, since it dispels ignorance of a thing which the world, if it knew what was good for it, would not willingly let die. Granted that the music in *Abraham* is not marked by the originality that proclaims the opening of another chapter in art history—we may rejoice, perhaps, that there is no attempt at it—and what then? *The craze for originality, so called, is the curse of modern music. The parent of all extravagance, distortion, and ugliness, it reduces composers in effect to the position of men grinning through horse-collars at a country fair for the reward of the most extraordinary grimaces. The result is that musicians who might do good service in this, that, or the other school, so conduct themselves as to excite pity or contempt. It is time this pitiful delusion ended, and that those who desire to say anything in music cease to jabber incoherence in the hope of its acceptance as a new idiom.*

Abraham addresses us a second time with perfectly intelligible and graceful speech; moreover, it is the speech of a master who knows the spirit as well as the form of his artistic language, and can commend himself to the mind as well as the ear. Every number in *Abraham* vouches for this, and it will be a marvel if the reward of so much merit does not come sooner or later in full measure. The selections performed to-day included some of the best parts of the work, among them the departure of the patriarch from Chaldea, the Divine covenant, the birth of Isaac, the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, and the sacrifice on Mount Moriah. I shall not now discuss the various numbers in detail, a better opportunity being, no doubt, at hand. Suffice it that the lovely trio, with horn accompaniment, "Let all those rejoice," and the grand chorus, "Great is our Lord," stood out prominently as examples of technical skill and masterful expression worthy of all honour. In the selection from *Abraham* Hereford has rehabilitated a master upon whom neglect had unjustly fallen. The performance, as a whole, might have been better, but the solos were capably rendered by Miss Williams, Miss Fenna, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Mention was especially deserved by Mdme Patey, whose delivery of Sarah's music could not have been surpassed. Mr Lloyd, too, made his mark, declaiming the recitatives with great effect, and singing the air, "Pour out thy heart," delightfully.

The evening concert in the Shire Hall was very well attended by an audience no less distinguished than numerous, this being attributable, in part, to the appearance of Mdme Albani, and, in other part, to the popular character of the programme. The work done does not call for lengthy notice; but more than a word is due to the performance of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, in which the pianoforte part was played by Mr James Taylor, Mus. Bac. Mr Taylor, whose style is good and whose musical intelligence is obvious, acquitted himself well. He was satisfied to present Beethoven as he found him, leaving others to commit the impertinence of treating the master's ideas as so many stalking horses for an exhibition of their own. The *Choral Fantasia*, together with the overtures to *Die Zauberflöte* and *Oberon*, made up the orchestral part of the programme, which, however, was surpassed in interest for the audience by the vocal selections. Several novelties had a place among the songs. There were, for example, M. Gounod's "Golden Thread," sung, as at Birmingham, by Madame Patey; an aria from Eckert's *Guillaume d'Orange*, for which Mdme Albani was responsible; and the ballad, "Lovely Graziella" (Mr F. King), from Sir Julius Benedict's new cantata. These all excited interest, as did, no less, Mr Lloyd's finished reading of Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the fine solo playing of Mr Carrodus in a violin romanza by Svendsen.

On Friday *The Messiah* was performed in the cathedral under conditions exceptionally favourable. Handel's masterpiece draws the country people as nothing else can. It brings them from all manner of outlying places by all manner of conveyances, and the weather is, therefore, a most important factor in the case. This morning the sun shone brilliantly, making the universal desire to

hear the "sacred oratorio" stronger by its inviting warmth and brightness. The peculiar characteristics of a *Messiah* day at these festivals were intensified, therefore; the streets being full of visitors, and the greatest animation prevailing. It is needless to comment upon the performance, in which all the artists engaged here took part. Enough that, if not absolutely without fault, it gave such satisfaction to its audience as only a fairly good rendering of Handel's familiar strains can.

The number of persons present was 1,714, and the collection amounted to £274 4s. 6d. In this connection let me point out a significant bit of statistical evidence, which those should ponder who rail at the Festival managers for not producing novelties instead of *Elijah* and *The Messiah*. The aggregate attendance in the cathedral during the week has been 5,852. Of this number 3,108, or 52 per cent., assisted at the performance of the works just named. I may add that the total attendance exceeded, by 206, that of the Festival held in 1879. The sum collected for the charity up to the present time is £806 10s. 3d.; but this will be considerably augmented, as usual, by contributions sent direct to the treasurer.—D. T.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having been out of town I have just read "a Professor's" letter addressed to you in regard to the "Guildhall School of Music." I don't see why the writer, being sure of what he says, withholds his name. Belonging as I do to the same Institution I cannot express my opinion on the subject, for the simple reason that I was not aware until now the Committee contained among their number members of the musical profession. Now this being the case, according to the assertion of "a Professor," I don't hesitate to say that the only way to do some good, improve matters of detail and prevent occurrences of the kind is to invite in turn all the professors attached to the Institution; perhaps from some of them something to advantage might be known. I take this opportunity to inform "a Professor" that instead of Mr Dicks, Mr Hicks, of the Common Council, was the gentleman alluded to in your issue of July 29th. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, G. LI CALSI.

91, Lancaster Gate, Notting Hill, September 18th, 1882.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The Hereford Musical Festival, celebrated last week, was favoured by congenial weather, which added to the comfort and enhanced the gratification of its constant supporters. This was the 150th anniversary of the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, originally instituted for the benefit of widows and orphans of the poorer clergy, whose services for good within the limits of the three dioceses can scarcely be over-estimated. When such energetic workers are called away it seems only just that those who survive to deplore their loss should be cared for. In the cathedral towns of mid-England a vast deal has been effected during the course of a century and upwards in promotion of so desirable an object; and on this account alone the annual gatherings of the choirs, in one or other city, merit help and countenance. It has been urged that the wealthier clergy might, while scarcely feeling the tax upon their resources, provide all that is indispensable for the requirements of their less fortunate co-labourers, and thus do away with the necessity of giving what some persist in designating as "musical entertainments" in their churches, paying for the aid of singers and players upon instruments, and charging money for admission, in order to meet the expenses incurred. But, as it would appear, the wealthier clergy do nothing of the kind. Why, therefore, any antagonism should be shown to the continuance of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, to which laymen so liberally contribute, it is not easy to explain. That the outcry about "novelty" was without significance, as regards the performances, and wholly unjustified on the present occasion, we shall endeavour to prove next week. Enough that the "novelties" actually presented gave unqualified satisfaction, that the programme, taken as a whole, was both varied and excellent, and the execution generally worthy the reputation long maintained, and long still, it may be hoped, in store for the Festivals of the Three Choirs.—*Graphic*.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Little more remains to be said of this almost exceptionally prosperous meeting. The second performance of *The Redemption*, which brought it to an end on Friday night (September 1), while as fully attended and as loudly applauded, was in no sense equal to the first, although the composer wielded the *bâton* with even more than his usual and somewhat eccentric energy. Truth is that both chorus and orchestra were well-nigh exhausted after the week's toil, a result with which M. Gounod himself, through his fidgety desire for a perfection of detail impossible of attainment in the circumstances, was largely responsible. The second hearing, however, by no means weakened the impression created by the first, and *The Redemption* will assuredly figure conspicuously in forthcoming records of the Birmingham Festival of 1882. The principal singers, as before, were Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Marie Roze; Messrs Lloyd, Cummings, Foli, King, and Santley, who, by their zeal and unflinching attention, did credit to themselves, while giving all imaginable effect to the music with the interpretation of which they were entrusted. It, indeed, may be safely asserted that had not the popular and exacting French musician insisted upon an extra full rehearsal, after declaring publicly his entire satisfaction with its precursor in Birmingham Town Hall, the general effect would have been more satisfactory in proportion. About the merits of the work itself no more need be said till it is submitted to the judgment of a London audience, which will be appealed to not long hence at the Royal Albert Hall, under the superintendence, if we are not mistaken, of Mr Joseph Barnby. With so practised a chief and excellent a musician, it will be as carefully studied, and enjoy as fair a chance of impartial consideration, as though the author himself (both of the literary text and the music, by the way) were to hold the conductor's stick. Until then we bid adieu to *The Redemption*, with a sincere wish that all predicted of it may be realized—not, let us add, as the beginning of a new era and a new form of "oratorio," which some critics are inclined to think; for that is sheer nonsense. M. Gounod's work, despite its varied beauties, having no solid pretensions to the name of oratorio, for the justifiable assumption of which something considerably deeper is a matter of strict necessity. On the other hand, M. Gounod may content himself with the universally admitted fact, that he has given to the world a composition as engaging as, in its way, it is original, and that his prevalent *leitmotive* is in every amateur's head and on every amateur's lips. *Psyche*, the new secular cantata, by Herr Niels Gade, a general favourite, whose talent is only excelled by his utter absence of assumption, will also not long hence be heard in London; and just now we must be satisfied with recording its complete and well-merited success—a success for which Birmingham amateurs had been prepared in advance by other works written expressly for their Festival, and received with equal favour. That Herr Gade is a composer in the school of Mendelssohn, his first discoverer and promoter, musical readers scarcely require to be told—any more than that his writing for voices and his orchestral scoring are as finished and as brightly coloured as becomes the imitator of so great and fascinating a model. Whatever some of our self-appointed instructors may argue, we are not yet quite extricated from Mendelssohn's "leading-strings;" and in this particular Herr Gade stands much in the same predicament as M. Gounod himself—which textual quotations from both *The Redemption* and *Psyche* might amply serve to show. Under his unobtrusive and skilful direction, Herr Gade's cantata obtained an execution little short of perfect; and fortunate in such leading vocalists as Madame Marie Roze (*Psyche*), Miss E. Farnol, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, all must have gone to his satisfaction. The work and its composer were received with unanimous favour—and no wonder. To Mr. Gaul's sacred cantata, *The Holy City*, we have referred, and it only remains to state that, as the production of a local composer, it was naturally welcomed with the utmost cordiality, to which, however, it is a pleasing duty to add that its own intrinsic merits fully justified the applause bestowed upon it, and that the performance, under the direction of the composer, with Madmes Trebelli and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Emilie Harris (a "local" professor, we believe), Messrs Maas and F. King as principal singers, was all that could be wished. Mr Stockley, the able chorus-master for the Birmingham Festivals, conducted, and a loud call was made for the composer at the end. *The Holy City*, too, we hear, is to be given in London. So much the better, this honour being the *Ultima Thule* of a native artist's ambition. About the new Symphony of Mr Hubert Parry and the "Orchestral Serenade" of Mr Villiers Stanford, both belonging, more or less, to the "advanced school," we shall doubtless, thanks to the eclectic Mr August Manns, hear more, at no distant date, in the Crystal Palace. Mozart's incomparable G minor Symphony, Cherubini's very remarkable Fourth Mass (in C), and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, to

praise any one of which would be superfluous, all splendidly given, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who, in spite of his recent severe illness, was the life and soul of the Festival, added materially to the attractions of this unusually varied programme, further enriched, it should be added, by Sir Julius Benedict's secular cantata, *Graziella*, a worthy companion to his *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *St Cecilia*, the performance of which, directed by the veteran composer himself, with Mesdames Marie Roze and Patey, Messrs Lloyd and King as leading singers, was received, as it deserved, with frequent and long continued applause. That to the imperishable *Messiah* a whole day was devoted may be taken for granted.—*Graphic*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A misunderstanding having arisen in some quarters, which may, if not removed, become general, as to the aims and objects of the New Society, I beg to be permitted through your columns to say that the Society has been registered under the authority of the Board of Trade purely in the interests of Art, and not as a commercial speculation. No member being entitled to receive any dividend, bonus, or profit whatever, the whole income and property will be applied to the promotion of the objects of the Society, and recourse has been had to registration as a company with limited liability, as being the simplest method of providing the necessary working capital, and of raising a guarantee fund. On these grounds the appeal is made to all lovers of music, to those of the profession and amateurs who have at any time been connected with the old Society's operations, as well as to the wealthy patrons of the Art, to aid in the re-establishment, in a manner worthy in all respects of its old and cherished traditions, of a Society whose work and influence have been of such an elevating character, and which has justly held so high a position for many years past among the kindred institutions of the country. Reference to the Memorandum and Articles of Association will, I think, convince most that the foundation has been laid for a good Society, embracing various objects, to be pursued according to the support forthcoming, and with a constitution which can lend itself to the requirements of the times.

In conclusion, it should be clearly understood that it remains for the patrons of Musical Art and for the public to determine very shortly, by the measure of support accorded, whether or not such a Society shall have an existence. There is every reason for satisfaction with results so far; but liberal support is still required to help us to the end in view. Those who for any reasons object to hold "Shares" in any undertaking, are enabled to help by means of donations. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALFRED J. PUTTICK, Hon. Sec. of the
(New) Sacred Harmonic Society.

25, Russell Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Sept. 7.

Alban Förster, appointed *Capellmeister* to the Grand Duke of Neu-Strelitz, is succeeded as teacher of harmony, choral and concerted singing, at the Dresden Conservatory, by Eduard Welz, musical director, Liegnitz.

STUTTGART.—A rare festival took place here on Sept. 1, when Kammervirtuoso Herr Gottlieb Krüger completed his forty years membership of the Royal Chapel. Herr G. Krüger is one of the foremost harpists of Germany, and was formerly a pupil of Parish Alvars. That he is highly respected by his colleagues as well as the public was evinced by the ovations which he received. The "Festival" began at early morning by the male quartet of the Royal Vocal Chapel serenading him. This was followed by congratulations from his many friends, accompanied by bouquets of choice flowers and presents of various kinds. Herr Krüger afterwards was received in the music room of the Royal Theatre tastefully ornamented with flowers, the busts of their Majesties the King and Queen being placed in the centre. Hofkapellmeister Abert then, in an appropriate speech, expressed the hearty felicitations of the members of the Hofkapelle, and handed Herr Krüger a beautiful laurel wreath decorated with silk ribbons and the Württemberg national colours. Then followed loud "Hurrahs" and a "fanfare." Subsequently Herr Krüger had an audience of the Royal Chamber-president von Gunzert, who, by command of the King, handed to Herr Krüger the gold medal for art and science, to be worn with the ribbon of the Order of the Crown, expressing at the same time his Majesty's pleasure in remembering on this festive day his long and faithful services. The Royal Chamber-singer, Herr J. Schultz, and Prälat Dr. Gerok expressed their congratulations in some poetical stanzas, which were printed in the *Württemberg Gazette*.

AN ACT

TO AMEND THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT RELATING TO MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS. [10th August, 1882.]

Whereas it is expedient to amend the law relating to copyright in musical compositions, and to protect the public from vexatious proceedings for the recovery of penalties for the unauthorized performance of the same :

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :

1. On and after the passing of this Act the proprietor of the copyright in any musical composition first published after the passing of this Act, or his assignee, who shall be entitled to and be desirous of retaining in his own hands exclusively the right of public representation or performance of the same, shall print or cause to be printed upon the title-page of every published copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved.

2. In case, after the passing of this Act, the right of public representation or performance of, and the copyright in, any musical composition shall be or become vested before publication of any copy thereof in different owners, then, if the owner of the right of public representation or performance shall desire to retain the same, he shall, before any such publication of any copy of such musical composition, give to the owner of the copyright therein notice in writing requiring him to print upon every copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved; but in case the right of public representation or performance of, and the copyright in, any musical composition shall, after publication of any copy thereof subsequently to the passing of this Act, first become vested in different owners, and such notice as aforesaid shall have been duly printed on all copies published after the passing of this Act previously to such vesting, then, if the owner of the right of performance and representation shall desire to retain the same, he shall, before the publication of any further copies of such musical composition, give notice in writing to the person in whom the copyright shall be then vested, requiring him to print such notice as aforesaid on every copy of such musical composition to be thereafter published.

3. If the owner for the time being of the copyright in any musical composition shall, after due notice being given to him or his predecessor in title at the time, and generally in accordance with the last preceding section, neglect or fail to print legibly and conspicuously upon every copy of such composition published by him or by his authority, or by any person lawfully entitled to publish the same, and claiming through or under him, a note or memorandum stating that the right of public representation or performance is reserved, then and in such case the owner of the copyright at the time of the happening of such neglect or default, shall forfeit and pay to the owner of the right of public representation or performance of such composition the sum of twenty pounds, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction.

4. Notwithstanding the provisions of the Act passed in the third and fourth years of His Majesty King William the Fourth, to amend the laws relating to dramatic literary property, or any other Act in which those provisions are incorporated, the costs of any action or proceedings for penalties or damages in respect of the unauthorized representation or performance of any musical composition published before the passing of this Act shall, in cases in which the plaintiff shall not recover more than forty shillings as penalty or damages, be in the discretion of the court or judge before whom such action or proceedings shall be tried.

5. This Act may be cited as the Copyright (Musical Compositions) Act, 1882.

All Musical Compositions published previously to the passing of this Act, are not included in its provisions, or the penalty contained therein : Therefore, the proprietors of the Copyright in "Musical Compositions" published before the 10th of August, 1882, cannot be compelled to print on such compositions, that "the right of public representation or performance is reserved."

And as the words attached to "Musical Compositions" is no part of the provisions of this Act, the authors of such words can claim no exclusive right to prevent the representation or performance of them in public without the written consent of the proprietor of the copyright.

Mr Charles Purday has favoured us with the following observations on the new Act :—

The provisions of this Act relative to printing on all copies of "Musical Compositions" published after the 10th of August, 1882, the reservation of the right of public performance, with the penalty

for the neglect or default of so doing, are not very likely to have the desired effect, as from the experience of the litigation respecting such performing rights on works published previously to the passing of this Act, Publishers will not now purchase the copyright in musical compositions without securing to themselves the right of performing the same in public too. They will also see the impolicy of putting on their title pages that the right of performing their new works is reserved, as it will militate against their being sung at concerts, or Penny Readings given for charitable or other purposes, fearing that some person may pounce upon the singers for a fee, or threaten them with a prosecution if such fee is not promptly forthcoming. Would it not be better, therefore, to state upon the title page "this Song, Quadrille," or other musical composition "may be performed without any fee." A word or two on the decisions that have been given respecting performing rights, which are generally stated to be copyrights. It is a fact that until these litigations took place, when an author sold a copyright to a publisher, he believed he had disposed of all the right that he possessed in his work, and never dreamt of interfering in the public performance of it. Nor did the Publisher who bought such a copyright think of asking an assignment of a performing right in addition to the copyright; consequently, everybody who chose to sing songs that were published believed he or she had a perfect right to do so without let or hindrance, never dreaming of being prosecuted, or being threatened with prosecution for doing so, being ignorant that they were infringing upon anybody's rights. But when such rights were brought before the law courts, and judges gave decisions against such performing rights, everybody was astonished; more especially when school-rooms were termed places of dramatic entertainments, because songs were sung and readings given there. There seems, however, to be a difference of opinion amongst the judges as to whether a single song, unconnected with any drama, can be a dramatic composition; or that a school-room can be a place of dramatic entertainment. And until such questions are settled by the highest tribunal of the realm, it must remain a doubtful matter. Like the question of copyright in foreign authors, in which there was so much difference of opinion, until the House of Lords decided that in the absence of conventions, a foreign author was not an author within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament, and had no power to sell a copyright in England.

DRESDEN AND LEIPSIK.

(Extract from a private letter.)

DEAR —.—The opera here is splendid, much better than the Leipzig opera was; but the Leipzig management has been entirely changed, so we may have something besides Wagner decently done in the winter. I heard Weber's *Freischütz* here last night, and I think it was about as complete as anything I remember.

The "principals" good, all of them, bar the tenor. Chorus very good, and band perfect. There are not so many clever solo players here as in Leipzig, but the band, as a whole, is infinitely better. Here they play the overture and accompany the singers; in Leipzig "every rioter for himself, and no blending." On the whole I think you hit the right nail on the head. Wagner is the death of Art. At all events, he has spoiled the Leipzig opera for a time. You will shortly hear from me again, as my sojourn at Leipzig will be somewhat prolonged.

Dresden, August 20th, 1882.

C. W. T.

DOMONT (*Seine-et-Oise*)—Edmond Membreé, the composer, died here suddenly of the rupture of an aneurism, while seated at table with his family and friends. He was born at Valenciennes in 1820, and was consequently sixty-two. After the religious service, which was performed here, the remains were conveyed to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise and deposited in the family vault. Ludovic Halévy delivered an address in the name of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and Victorin Joncières in that of the Société des Compositeurs.

STRASSBURGH.—François Schwab, composer, musical critic of the *Journal d'Alsace*, and a member of the staff of the *Ménestrel*, has died, aged fifty-three, after a long and painful illness. Among his musical compositions may be mentioned the comic operas, *Les deux Consultations*, *La Nuit tous les Chats sont gris*, and *Les Amours de Sylvio*. He composed, also, a Mass, performed in the church of Saint Eustache, Paris, various pieces of instrumental music, and several vocal scenes. Besides writing for the papers already named, he was at one time a contributor to the *Courier du Bas-Rhin*, the *Illustration de Bade*, and the *Gazette Musicale*. He assisted Hector Berlioz considerably in organizing his grand concerts at Baden.

Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

MY PUB. "EN ESPAGNE."

Kum tissen, gallant gen'men,
Likeise u ladies hall,
& hi vill tell wot un-2 me,
At Bayroot did b-full.

U rekollex as Wagginer, ven
From Moonik town i came,
With Loodvrig's 15 thousand quid,
A sollum vow did frame.

Ses 'e, "By Woetan 'ear me swear,
Likeise by Kundry 2,
That ven i ope my sho, u shall
Make profit by the 'do.'

"E're rote a werry serus play,
With moosik orful dreer,
And hall my doops vill cert'ngly need
The werry best ov cheer.

"So u & Mary mite do wurse
Than sell good beef & hale,
Anigh unto the theaytur
—Ov sassage do not fule.

"& if so b u takes this 'int,
i'll give u 'elp most ample,
Hold List & self vill look u hup
& set a good egg-sample.

"Ve'erere ve go the krowds vill kum,
& ven re horders glasses,
They'll follow soot like anythink
—The poor d-loaded hasses."

Ses i un-2 the Governur,
"This child is hon, u bet,
i look by this ere game to kleeer
1000 suff'rins net.

"& then i'll marry Mary dear,
& keep a hin so cosy,
Vich 'Wagginer's Harms' it shall b called
—The 'Richard's Do,' sub rosy."

[Alas! alas! that publik 'ouse,
The 'ope ov it grows littler,
& much i fears that taint my fate
2 b a licens'd wittler.]

* * * *

Be'old the day ov "Parsifal,"
It did at length draw neer,
& for 2 pleeze the Jarman taste
I laud in lots ov beer.

The miles ov sassage Mary bote
They do a song deserve,
Vile Jarman waiters stood around,
The "Patrons" for 2 serve.

Then hin kums Wagginer vith hold List,
& drinks their beer so gay.
Ses Wagginer 2 'is father-law,
"Be'old our hop'nin day!"

"& i propose a toast, rich is,
'May Pars'fal never dwindle,'
Altho', as u & i vell no,
The 'ole consarn's a swindle.

"Cos ry, it haint ov hart i think,
i thinks ov Richard Dubble-u."
& rite u n" ses List "my boy,
—for 1 more glass i'll trubble u."

"Pleeze score it hup," says Wagginer, &
"Pleeze score it hup," ses List;
& then i look'd for follerin' krowds,
But look'd in vane, i wist.

The "Patrons" vos a sorry lot,
Ov moornful men & sad,
& 'tween the hax they moon'd around
Like distrust men & mad.

They shook their long 'air 2 the vind,
Upon them beat the rain,
"Pleeze give yer horders, gents," i cried,
They hanse'd vith disdain—

"Our sust'nance is the Holy Grate
Ov Wagginer R. our King,
Ve vants no sassage nor no beer,
Nor any harthly thing."

"I'e're hall pure fools, like Parsifal,
O Kundry temt us not."
As this vos 2 my Mary dear,
i felt a leetle 'ot.

Ses i, "Look 'ere, misteryous gents,
Pure fools as u may b.
Speak civil 2 that lucky gal,
Cos she is mine, d'ye c."

"O Kundry! Klingsor" thus they cried,
"O floury maidens fair!
O Parsifal and Gurnemanz!
O melos vundrus rare!"

"O Titurel, Amfortas, Kings!
O pages, without name!
O Grate-fed nights and bloody spear!
O lust vich cant b shame!"

"O singin boys up hin the doom!
(As sung so hout ov toon)
O panorama, movin' slo!
(Twill kum to greef eftsoon).

"O hepok-makin'! vunderful!
Pro-di-gi-os-i-tee!
O Wagginer, vith it shut the mouth
Ov hanimositee!"

So hon they rent till kvite vorn hout,
& then they turns 2 grub;
Lord, 'ow they hate them sessages;
Thinks i, i c's my pub.

The beer also did freely flow,
& still they call'd for more,
Till run hold raskel, 'e espaide
Some chauk-marks hon the dore.

"Them hyroglisticks pleeze explain,"
Ses 'e, a-laffin loud,
This ril'd me kvite, for ov my "fist"
I'm jest a leetle proud.

"Tis Wagginer's score," I prompt remark'd,
"& List's, set down so slick."
Then all them long 'air'd coves sung hout,
"Our Haster goes on tick!"

"& wot our Haster duz do ve,
Pleeze chauk it hup," they cries,
"& ven R. W. pays 'is shot,
'is follerers vill likeise."

* * * *

I'm no veer neer that publik 'ouse,
Sub rosy "Richard's Do."
Poor Mary is in sarvice still,
& hi must start anoo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHENICOPTER.—It is not improbable that most of these "wills" will be contested by more or less distant relatives.

DESMOND.—In order to make a superficial acquaintance with Astorga, Carissimi, Rossi, Stradella, and Pergolese, let our correspondent examine the *Echoes d'Italie* (or *Echoes religieux d'Italie*, as, perhaunter, it might).

CARMENCITA.—Carmencita can never be forgotten. Let her look at herself in the Mirror, and ask the Mirror how this could be possibly possible, much more probably probable.

M. R.—*Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c., next week.

SPES.—Speed on thy journey and all will speedily collapse.

DR CODGER.—There is not the slightest foundation for our esteemed correspondent's insinuations. Otherwise, Dr Codger is wrong on all other points unconnected with respective and congenitive corruptions. Peradventure, with the exception of various unnameable devices, it is the worst ever written in the incarnation of rapid shanks, with the exception of certain operatic super-boundaries of the actual and influentially unproductive weeks.

DEATHS.

On July 18, at Melbourne, **HENRY**, second son of the late Mark Lemon, aged 37.

On September 20th, at 19, Burlington Road, St Stephen's Square, **ELIZABETH STEVENSON**, only sister of the late Rev. David Stevenson, vicar of Wendys, Cambridgeshire. Friends will accept her last affectionate remembrances.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

*A year of dawn, skylarks, and hearts' desire,
And lips that ache for kisses into song.
A year of noon, and skies of fog and fire,
And swallows wizened screaming all day long.
A year of twilight, and the rain that pours;
And blackbirds in the dripping sycamores
Laugh; and the night comes, and the light heart snores.
Cup of the Glacier.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—I have but now met with your report of the Portsmouth meeting on the 8th inst., to promote the Royal College of Music, including a speech of Dr. Grove to explain the purpose of the proposed institution and to canvas the inhabitants of the district for subscriptions toward the endowment of the intended school. That gentleman has been obviously misinformed in several particulars he stated on the occasion and has stated in other localities; and as it is important in the interests of art that he and the public should know the truth on the subject, I trust you will allow me the privilege of a counter statement in *The Times*, and that the eloquent speaker will accept what has to be said as offered in courtesy, but as necessary to a right understanding.

1. The Royal Academy of Music is "an essentially national institution," entering on the 61st year of its operations, having been honoured with the sanction and support of the reigning Sovereigns from July 12, 1822, to the present moment, being incorporated by Royal charter, possessing (there is the strongest reason to believe) the confidence of the public, enjoying an annual grant from Her Majesty's Government, and "representing the art of music in the same way that the Royal Academy represents British painting."

2. It is true that some English pupils "study music in Germany, France, and Italy"; it is equally true that some foreign pupils study music in the Royal Academy; clearly, then, there are other causes than the "enormous cost" for the pursuit of musical study in countries alien to the respective pupils.

3. It does not correctly represent the communication between his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal Academy of Music, in 1873, to say that his Royal Highness "endeavoured to drag the Royal Academy from its comparative obscurity," because

the endeavour had all the air of kind intention with no appearance of such violence as the word "drag" implies, because the institution that had educated composers, singers, and players who had obtained the suffrages of all Europe was not in "obscurity," and because the spaces in the Albert Hall, which were offered for Academy occupation, proved to be unavailable.

4. The National Training School was opened in 1876; the five years expired in 1881 for which the original endowment was made; further subscriptions were raised which prolonged its existence for one year only, and it finally closed in May, 1882.

5. "Attempts were made" (I use Dr. Grove's terminology) "to amalgamate the Royal Academy of Music and the Training School," but these were on the condition that the Academy should surrender its charter, or, in other words, resign its existence. This was legally impossible while any member of the body politic or corporate refused assent, and many were unwilling that the institution should be annihilated which had influenced the education of the country for more than half a hundred years, and had trained some of the best acknowledged artists and teachers in all branches of music throughout that period. Dr. Grove did not state, but it is a point of strong significance, that the Lords of the Privy Council, in June, 1880, invited remarks from the Academy directors upon the petition of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Queen in Council for a charter to a proposed College of Music; nor did he state the reply of the directors that, while acknowledging with gratitude the interests of his Royal Highness in the art it was their duty to cultivate, they believed the advancement of music would be better promoted by strengthening the long-existing and now successful institution than by founding another which could not but be experimental, and must be its rival, and that the elasticity of the charter admitted of any qualification of the working of the Academy that might meet the Prince's wishes. This reply has been officially communicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Finally, Sir, permit me to say that I personally address you, not officially, while the directors of the Academy are dispersed for the vacation.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., G. A. MACFARREN.

7, Hamilton Terrace, Sept. 11.

—o—

WAGNER WORSHIP.*

(A Postscript to our Bayreuth Letters.)

The respect paid to a celebrated contemporary may be deserved—thoroughly or partially so—and yet from its exaggerated form and nature challenge a protest against it. This is the case with the Richard Wagner Worship at the present day. That worship, unexampled in the whole history of art, strikes us as such a remarkable sign of the times that we feel bound to consider it minutely in an unprejudiced spirit. In doing so, we leave entirely out of the question Wagner's artistic efforts, and pass over his merits in complete silence, confining our attention exclusively to the conduct of his followers, and that, too, only so far as we possess printed evidence for it. The most authoritative public document for our purpose is unquestionably the monthly paper, *Die Bayreuther Blätter*, which, with Wagner's personal co-operation, is edited by H. Wolzogen, and is the official organ of all Wagner Associations. It is now in its fifth year. For a future generation, which will look back on the Wagner epidemic of our time with calm judgment or even with incredulous amazement, the *Bayreuther Blätter* will possess no small interest as regards the history of culture. The musician will find in it only very scanty and dubious information, for it busies itself with everything else more than with Wagner's art. But, on the other hand, the future historian of culture in Germany will, from the five annual series of this periodical, be able to depict authentically with what violence the *delirium tremens* of Wagner drunkenness raged among us, and what extravagances it has left in the thoughts and feelings of the "cultivated" classes.

The distinguishing feature in Wagner Worship, when compared with the respect paid to Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, consists not only in the temperature, which has gone up to boiling

* From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

point, but more essentially in its thoroughly exceptional nature, which annexes all the branches of modern civilization. What views, violent fancies, or whims, apart from and independently of his art mission, Mozart or Beethoven cherished is a matter about which at most only a biographer troubles himself. Never did it enter the head of Beethovenian or Mozartean to accept as infallible truths and swear by such non-musical idiosyncracies of a composer. It is otherwise in Richard Wagner's case. For his adherents, whom, as we know, a chain of Wagner Associations has united in one large organic body, he is not merely a composer towering over every other, but without more ado *The Master*, the highest authority in every department of knowledge, a teacher and redeemer of mankind. Every opinion he utters on politics, philosophy, morals, or religion, has the value of a grand new fact, a revelation, to be obeyed like a religious commandment. This can be literally proved from the five annual sets of the *Bayreuther Blätter*, through which I have toiled with many a pang. The principal of these Wagnerian utterances, which are adored and indefatigably interpreted by his followers relate: firstly, to *Schopenhauer's philosophy* and its profound connection with Wagner's operas; secondly, to the religious, social, and political *regeneration of the human race*, and its deliverance from our unworthy culture; and thirdly, to the agitation against the *Vivisection* of animals, an operation indispensable to the study of medicine; and fourthly, which is especially amusing, to the propaganda of the *Vegetarians' bill of fare*. Now, these are certainly all subjects not having anything in connection with dramatic and musical art. What ground Wagner personally takes up with regard to them is for his artistic significance and the world of music absolutely immaterial. But the peculiar feature of that incredible and curious thing called Wagner Worship consists, as already stated, in the fact that *The Master* is taken as the standard in *everything*. The true Wagnerite must be not merely an unconditional adorer of every line and bar of Wagner's, but also a Schopenhauerite, a pessimist, an opponent of vivisection, an enemy of the Jews, a vegetarian, a believing Christian, and whatever else *The Master* prescribes.

The conceited infatuation of the Wagnerites with regard to Schopenhauer, the comprehension of whom they think they alone have taken on lease, we have already discussed at some length (when speaking of the *Nibelungen*), and may be allowed to refer the reader to what we then said.† The wish we expressed on that occasion, that we might at last be spared hearing any more about the assumed profound application of Schopenhauer's categories and terminologies has not been fulfilled. The young gentlemen of the *Bayreuther Blätter* parade their Schopenhauer at every opportunity as much as ever, as though they had grown grey in philosophical studies. "*Parsifal*," so their latest writings inform us, "*Parsifal* reproduces, though stripped of all details, the pith of Schopenhauer's metaphysics and ethics. In *Parsifal*, Wagner merely transferred Schopenhauer into art when transferring Christianity into the latter." What absurdity! Because "pity" constitutes, or is supposed to constitute, the principal motive in *Parsifal*, and Schopenhauer extols it as the "basis of all genuine human love," Wagner's Consecrative-Festival-Play must needs be Schopenhauer transplanted into music! They will soon want to make us believe that pity for the misfortunes of others was an invention of Schopenhauer's, and unknown before his time. A man might and may write a drama on pity without ever having read a line of Schopenhauer, just as Shakspeare wrote his *Timon of Athens* without having first learned from Schopenhauer pessimism. We may observe, parenthetically, that it was not Christianity, but Buddhism, which Schopenhauer called the

"Doctrine of our most sacred religion," and drew for himself a portrait of Buddha as others do a head of Christ.

Sound common sense, which tells us that we should not consult an operatic composer about philosophy and its various systems, teaches, also, that it is medical men, authorities on physiology and pathology, and not a musician, who have to decide as to the necessity or otherwise of *vivisection for scientific purposes*. But this consideration has no value with Wagnerites. *The Master* has without more ado condemned vivisection, and the *Bayreuther Blätter*, the object of which had previously been supposed to be the knowledge and advocacy of art, immediately overflowed with articles which—always in the most arrogant language—condemned vivisection as a frivolous torturing of animals, and, among other things, took the German Reichstag sternly to task because it passed over an anti-vivisection petition and proceeded to the order of the day. "Have we Germans really any culture? Have we a creed?" is the pathetic conclusion of one of these childish manifestos. When, in answer to all this dilettante declamation, we simply quote the utterance of Professor Billroth that he should never have ventured to undertake certain difficult and dangerous operations, by which human lives were saved, had he not first convinced himself by experiments on animals that they were possible—this will probably be sufficient for every sensible person. But the genuine Wagnerite has renounced thinking for himself. Among other sacrifices he offers *The Master* the *sacrificium intellectus*. Connected—at least partially—with this tender benevolence towards animals there is another private passion of Richard Wagner's: his propaganda for a *vegetable diet*. It is, we are told, a sin to kill animals. Besides which, meat food has ruined the human race physically and morally. "The system of wolfing down meat is the cause of all the wretchedness in the world," we read in the *Bayreuther Blätter* (1882), which even speaks of a "*vegetarian view of the world*." As we are aware, gentleness carried to sentimentality with regard to animals, is often found in people by no means distinguished for exaggerated love of their fellow-creatures. We know how tenderly Robespierre treated his pigeons. Wagner, then, proclaims an exclusively vegetable diet indispensable to the re-organization of mankind, when, lo and behold! herbs become an article of faith and a party principle among Wagnerites. Can anything be more comic than to see among the public announcements of *Parsifal* a request from the Editor that those holding the same opinions as himself will signify as soon as possible their intention of attending the "*vegetarian dinner*." There is a charming naïveté in the way in which the *Bayreuther Blätter* presents the connection between the vegetable world and Wagner worship: "The thought of vegetarianism," writes one gentleman, reeling about in the kitchen-garden of love, "raised by the genial hand of the finder" (that is to say, Wagner) "from out the ethically religious depths of our field of labour, has attracted to us all at once a circle of very seriously minded men" (the vegetarians) "stretching over vast countries. They bring with them that gentleness of feeling which even the work of art requires that the human soul may grasp it with proper comprehension and live itself into it. We, on our part, have contributed to their efforts a wonderfully strengthening afflux from the eternal spring of the *Ideal*." In fact, a regular alliance between vegetable-eaters and Wagnerites! "Help us to forward the Wagner propaganda, and we will agitate for your green meat." We can scarcely trust our eyes when reading such absurdities, all proclaimed with solemn seriousness in honour of *The Master*. Unfortunately, too, with his knowledge and sanction. To tranquillize, however, numerous Wagner Worshipers, who have at least remained reasonable in the matter of nutriment, we announce on the most undoubted authority that Wagner condemns animal food only theoretically, enjoying ex-

† *Musikalische Stationen*. Berlin: A. Hoffmann, 1880, p. 268.

ceedingly his roast joint and likewise his wine, prohibited though it be by vegetarians. We cannot doubt this an instant. No one could compose a work like *Tannhäuser*, or even depict a pious Knight of the Graal, on sour milk and beans. But, as we are aware, theory and practice, precept and example, in Wagner's case, go hand in hand with, or diverge from, each other according to circumstances. The majority of his followers assembled at Bayreuth preferred the example to the theory, and the "vegetarian dinner" came to as sad an end as did the solemn meeting summoned on the 28th July by the "Bayreuth Patrons" to form a fund "out of which stipends might be paid to worthy and necessitous visitors at the Festival Performances." Richard Wagner himself suggested the notion, and sanctioned the proposed statutes of the new fund "intended to effect in a more intelligent and sensible manner what at present ridiculously useless travelling stipends are thoughtlessly intended to do for crowned prize composers on condition of their going through a complete and high course of study in Rome or Paris." After this "high-minded" initiative, it would naturally be supposed that the "high-minded Master"—mode of spelling adopted by the *Bayreuther Blätter**—would have put himself down for a considerable sum at the head of those who wished to establish the new fund. As, however, he always figures as "through pity knowing" but never as "through pity giving aught away," the Bayreuth Patrons, who had already made sufficient sacrifices for the sacred cause, thought the best thing they could do was to imitate the Master's example. With gigantic pity for the unhappy beings excluded by poverty from the salvation of Bayreuth, and with trousers' pockets closely buttoned up, they dissolved the meeting.

The tendency of the Wagnerian school to represent only as a mere secondary consideration the circumstance of the Master's being the greatest of poets and composers while his principal merit consists in the fact that he is a prophet to illumine and redeem mankind, has in the last few years reached its climax. Two of his essays *Zur Religion und Kunst*, and *Erkenne dich selbst*, have let loose a tempest of admiration in the Wagnerian camp, and are constantly set up, interpreted and preached as dogmas by the *Bayreuther Blätter*. We will not now go minutely into these pamphlets which have been sufficiently discussed, and some may think refuted, and which in a bombastically oracular tone advocate an agitation for the protection of animals and the persecution of the Jews. Real friends would have been bound strongly to advise Wagner not to publish these pamphlets—a god, however, has no friends; he has only worshippers. We must here mention two books, which, harmonizing in their tendency with his notions of religious and political reforms, are among the latest objects of Wagner's passionate devotion. One of these works, only little known by the general public, is called *Thalysia or the Salvation of Mankind*. It is by A. Gleizes and preaches a "bloodless diet as the most necessary condition of health and beauty, intellectual and bodily;" the other work: *On the Inequality of Races*, by Count Gobineau, is an extension of Schopenhauer's Pessimism, and, after a review of all races, ends by announcing "the speedy decline and torpidity of the western world." Scarcely had Wagner taken these two books under his protection, ere every Wagnerite swore by Gleizes and Gobineau, and the *Bayreuther Blätter* celebrated the preconization of these two secondary saints by the Master as a great and saving act on his part. "With the pure heart and sharp glance of genius,"—writes the *Bayreuther Blätter*—"has Wagner grasped this theory" (that propounded by Gleizes) "and with the undaunted courage and consciousness of a reformer, which we have found him to be in the

domain of art, he pronounces here, too, the great watchword for the reformation of human society and earthly life."(!) In a long and turgid article, "Luther and the Peasants" (in the last April number), the "work at Bayreuth" is placed almost on an equality with what Luther effected. "Whoever only took with thorough earnestness," we read, "the best and profoundest sensations awakened in him by a work of Wagner's when represented in the noblest manner, would thereby immediately find it impossible to participate longer in the only apparently indifferent but really and truly murderous everydayisms of life and thus render himself an accomplice in the great lie of the civilization of the age." In a sermonising tone, growing more and more unctuous the nearer the performance of *Parsifal* approached, were these absurdities put forward. With a quotation from *Parsifal* even war is to be for ever rendered impossible. An article concerning the "Philosophy of Militarism" being adorned with Gurnemann's "Christian admonition," "Away quickly with your weapons! Offend not the Lord who to-day without resistance gave his sacred blood to expiate the sins of the world." This, too, the fact of Wagner's declaring war to be a misfortune, is, we are told, something new and great!

From these few instances the reader will have remarked that an affectedly pious and Christianly religious tone has lately been assumed in the Wagnerian periodicals and is becoming continuously stronger. Wagner, growing old, has, with the "sigh which we once heard at the Cross on Golgotha and which now forces its way from out our own soul," given the cue, and immediately we behold his disciples imitating his example and praying with him. "Our *Blätter*," we read in Wolzogen's new year's article, "shall also be the outward sign of the conciliation which has found in these words the avowal of a religious conviction." Christianly and Christianity will be the next words. This swaggering with and dressing up in Christian sentiments borders on the repulsive.‡

"And music?" we hear the reader impatiently ask. "Does music no longer play any part in a periodical of Wagner's?" She plays a part certainly, but a very subordinate one. Since Wagner uttered the ironically arrogant words: "I am no musician," adding at the same time the assurance that he would rather see our whole musical system swallowed up by an earthquake to-day than to-morrow—since then, it must have struck Wagnerites as utterly unbecoming to make much fuss about music. Already in the same number of the *Bayreuther Blätter* which contains Richard Wagner's latest "Public Letter" to Herr Schön, of Worms, there appeared a cringing writer who goes into ecstasies that, "for the salvation of art," Wagner should at last have declared he was no musician! The few musical articles are, by the way, not uninteresting. Herr H. Porges still goes on chewing the cud of his articles relative to the rehearsals of *The Nibelungen Ring* in the year 1876. He informs us at every bar what remarks Wagner made to the orchestra, most of them being of the merest matter-of-fact description. Thus: "The Master emphatically required the ascending bass figure" (passage given in notes) "to be most distinctly audible." In reference to another theme (theme given in notes) he exclaimed: "Play with greater conscientiousness!" And thus is every word reverentially handed down to posterity. Another article, "Art and Science," lamenting the stepmotherly manner in which music is treated by aestheticians, offers an amusing instance of the ignorance of the

§ In a leading article, bearing upon *Parsifal*, in the *Bayreuther Blätter* we read: "The flag of victory is the strongly believing consciousness of the religious significance of the riddle of the world. An enigmatical utterance in suffering says revealingly: The end is the deed. Let him who believes in the deed vouchsafe us the word." And to whoever understands that, we beg to add, we vouchsafe the happiness of doing so.

* The Wagnerese is "Nach dieser edeln Initiative . . . der edele Meister."
—TRANSLATOR.

writers on the *Bayreuther Blätter*. In reply to this lament the editor indulges in the satirical observation that "Vischer, the classical aesthete of modern times, knew, as we are aware, so little how to deal with music, that, like an embarrassed step-mother, he was obliged to ally himself with Herr Hanslick, in order that that modern authority in the domain of musical science might take his place and supply instead of himself the chapters on music, in consequence of which a splendid homunculus out of the Viennese retort then certainly slipped in among the learned paragraphs of the great Faust scholar." The gentlemen of Bayreuth merely prove by the above that they never saw the sixth volume (published in 1857) of Vischer's *Ästhetik*, for the preface to it distinctly states that Professor Carl Köstlin, of Tübingen, wrote the musical portion, the views in which agreed with Vischer's. Thus, for seven-and-twenty years, everyone taking an interest in æsthetics knows to whom the musical portion of Vischer's great work is due, but the chief organ of the Wagnerites does not know it even now. The *Maister* once (without the slightest ground) designated me as Vischer's colleague, and that suffices to make his organs go on vilifying the monumental work in question for evermore.

I have kept the most amusing bit till the end. Herr Joseph Rubinstein, he who made a name by his "annihilation" of Robert Schumann, published in the *Bayreuther Blätter* an article on "Symphony and Drama," the conclusion of which is to this effect: "If, when looking at post-Beethovenian attempts in the department of absolute symphony, we must consider the *last* symphonist, properly so called, as carried to the grave with Beethoven, it must be allowed that *all* the essentially musical qualities of this class of writing celebrate, as it were, their resurrection in the *music-drama*, and, moreover, in so strict a sense that it is *there* they first appear in a completely spotless and, so to say, transfigured shape." So, the Symphonies of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, are all superfluous works of the decline of art; after Beethoven we have as *symphonist* Richard Wagner alone. The orchestral accompaniment in *Tristan* and the *Nibelungen* fully, and in transfigured shape, supplies the place of the Symphony, buried with Beethoven.

It would be doing the *Bayreuther Blätter* too much honour or insulting it too deeply to regard it as the sole literary clinical specimen of the Wagner-Paroxysm. In numerous and sometimes very remarkable books and pamphlets we come across acute cases of what in the periodical is chronic. For to-day, we have already detained the friendly reader too long with the *Bayreuther Blätter*. Let him sum up the different items and decide for himself whether the present Wagner idolatry is or is not, in form and substance, to be reckoned among epidemic mental diseases.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

ANOTHER "improved version" of Da Ponte's *Don Giovanni*, which Mozart immortalized by his music, is about to be presented at the Leipsic Opera. The authors are Herr Grandauer and Herr von Wolzogen, whose best excuse is that they have restored not only the duet for Zerlina and Leporello, but the second *finale* as it originally stood in the score, though time out of mind as a rule omitted. Otherwise this interference with the plan of a recognized masterpiece would have no colourable plea for toleration.

TERESA TUA.—Mlle Teresa Tua has signed an agreement with M. Alfredo Fischhof to play for two years in Europe and America. The celebrated young violinist was to make her first appearance on the 15th inst., at the Kroll Theatre, Berlin, where, together with the well-known pianist, Robert Fischhof, she will be heard in eight concerts. At Vienna, during October, she will take part in two, which, by contract between Baron Hoffmann, Intendant of the Imperial theatres, and M. Alfredo Fischhof, are to be given at the Operahouse. This has occasioned no little sensation in artistic circles, the use of the above-named establishment never having been granted for concert purposes. Buchholz and Diemel, of Vienna, have recently published eight *Lieder*, composed by Robert Fischhof, which had been unanimously awarded the first prize at the Vienna Conservatoire competition. In January next Mlle Teresa Tua accompanies her impresario to America, to meet, at New York, M. Maurice Strakosch, uncle to M. Fischhof, and most genial of musical *entrepreneurs*.

EDMOND MEMBRÉE.

The death is announced of M. Membreé, a composer of no small merit, but who had all through his life to contend against ill-fortune professionally. He seems to have been one of those men who, having great gifts, somehow contrive not to put them to the best use, and allow themselves to be beaten in the struggle for fame and fortune by men very much inferior to themselves. One song he wrote years ago—"Page, Ecuyer, Capitaine"—he sold to a musical publisher for 50 francs. Upwards of 200,000 copies of it were sold, but the publisher never added a penny to the fifty francs he had paid. Fortunately for himself, M. Membreé had married wisely and well, and though he failed to secure "the bubble reputation," and the more substantial rewards that fell to the lot of the Offenbachs, Lecocqs, Hervés, *et hoc genus omne*, he had a cheerful home, a pleasant family, and enjoyed life thoroughly. His very mode of departing it was what his epicurean nature would have chosen. He died at dinner, surrounded by cheerful and happy faces. He had just taken up the knife to carve a chicken, when he was seen to lay it down suddenly. Then he sank back in his chair, dead.

BALFE.

I read in the papers that a memoir of the Life and Work of Michael William Balfe, the gifted composer of the *Bohemian Girl* and of a hundred works as charming, which will live as long as English music lives, is in the press. The author of the memoir is Mr W. A. Barrett; and the book, it is hoped, will be ready by October 20th next, the anniversary of Balfe's death, and the day fixed for the unveiling of the monumental tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—G. A. S., *Illustrated London News*, September 19.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has returned from Italy. During the winter season we hope to hear his new comic opera, *The Isle of Beauty*, of which report speaks highly. The libretto, by Mr Desmond L. Ryan, is said to be written with much humour and esprit—which we may easily credit.

MR CARL ROSA has resolved to spend his Christmas at Liverpool, and has hired the Court Theatre in that town for six weeks from Boxing Day next. On Easter Monday the London season will begin at Drury Lane. In accordance with his desire to produce during every season in London at least one new work of pretension by a native writer, Mr Carl Rosa has commissioned Mr Francis Hueffer to write, and Mr A. C. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, to compose, a new and original opera on the subject of *Colomba*, the story of which will be founded upon Prosper Mérimée's famous romance of that name. This will, it is understood, be Mr Mackenzie's first experience in grand opera, though he has written two cantatas, several overtures, and other works heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, besides a pianoforte quartet,* a string quintet, and other chamber music. Mr Mackenzie is a native of Edinburgh, and in 1857, at the age of ten, was sent to Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen to study music under Ulrich Stein. At fourteen he entered the ducal orchestra as violinist. He remained in Germany till 1862, when he returned to London, entered at the Royal Academy of Music as a pupil of M. Sainton,† and was elected King's Scholar. In 1865 he returned to Edinburgh, and has since occasionally visited London and Florence, gaining his living entirely by writing and teaching. At thirty-five Mr Mackenzie is still a young man; he is regarded as a writer of great promise, and, indeed, Mr Carl Rosa could not have made a more prudent choice.—*London Figaro*.

VENICE.—The Teatro Malibran has been opened for a short operatic season, the works already performed being *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Faust*. The buffo-opera season at the Lido has come to an end. With regard to the Venice, there is a report that Rosani intends opening it for a Carnival and Lent season, with *Les Huguenots* and Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* as the chief attractions. A girl pianist, Luisa Cognetti, has been for some time creating a lively impression. She played here recently before the Queen with the same success as at the two concerts she gave at the Liceo Marcello Benedetto.

* Introduced by Mr Arthur Chappell at the Monday Popular Concerts.

† Also as a pupil of the late Charles Lucas for harmony and counterpoint.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL (*from a Correspondent*).—An air with variations and fugue, by Mr T. J. Dudeney, occupied a place in the programme of a recent highly interesting organ recital, given by Mr W. T. Best in St George's Hall. That the eminent organist should be thus lending an ear to rising English composers is a matter for sincere gratification. I subjoin the programme *in extenso* :—

Scherzo for the Organ, A minor (W. T. Best); Air, "Ave Maria" (F. Schubert); Military March (E. Schulz); Air with Variations and Fugue (T. J. Dudeney); Andante Cantabile (Omer Guiraud); Finale, Grand Chœur Dialogue (E. Gigout).

—The *Faust* of Hector Berlioz has been, for the third time, given here under Mr Hallé's direction with still increasing success. The local press are still in raptures with the work and its performance. The Hallé-created Manchester orchestra seems to carry everything before it in these marches, and its reputation is gradually spreading to the out-lands.—*QUIG.*

BRADFORD.—The English Opera Company last night entered upon a six nights' engagement in St George's Hall. Gounod's *Faust* was produced with great effect. Mr Frederick C. Packard took the part of Faust; Mr James Sauvage, Valentine; Mr Richard Temple, Mephistopheles; Miss Helen Armstrong, Siebel; Mrs Oliver Summers, Martha; and Mdlme Blanche Cole, Marguerite. The audience showed their appreciation by loud applause.

MALVERN.—On Friday last week Mr W. H. Speer, son of Mr H. T. Speer, gave an organ recital in the Priory Church in aid of the new organ fund, when there was a large congregation, and the young gentleman's playing was greatly admired. On Wednesday afternoon Mr F. F. Rogers, of Malvern Wells, gave an organ recital at the Worcester Exhibition, when he played a selection of classical and popular music from the best composers. There was a large attendance.—*Malvern News.*

MANCHESTER.—The Carl Rosa company gave *Maritana* at the Prince's Theatre on Tuesday with great success. Miss Georgina Burns, as the heroine of Wallace's popular opera, was warmly received. Her greatest successes were in "Scenes that are brightest" and the subsequent duet with Lazarillo (Miss Josephine York). Messrs J. W. Turner, Henry Pope, and Brooklyn were respectively Don Caesar, the King, and the Marquis. "The laurels of the evening, however," says the *Evening News*, "must be awarded to Mr Leslie Crotty, who undertook the thankless part of Don José in a masterly manner, and fully merited the plaudits he received."

FOLKESTONE.—A grand concert was given last week at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mdlme Mina Gould, a lady eminent in the musical world as a musician and composer. The artists were all exceptionally good. We never attended a concert that gave such general satisfaction. Without detracting from the great abilities of M. Ovide Musin (unavoidably absent), the splendid playing of Mr. Booth (his substitute) in a Cavatina, by Raff, and still more in a Berceuse by Renard, delighted the audience so much that it was redemanded. Messrs Traherne and Cecil's duets were most effectively sung. Mdlme Gould's charming song, "The Time of Roses," was beautifully rendered by Mrs Hutchinson, who was loudly encored, but she substituted "Dearest Heart"; Mr Thorndyke's "Toreador's song" (*Carmen*) was grandly sung, his fine voice telling in every passage. The ballad of "The Miller and the Maid" was charmingly given by Miss Ellen Meason, a most promising singer. The other parts of the programme were most effectively carried out. We must not forget to mention the ability of Mr Eric Lewis; his sketches were inimitable and caused roars of laughter. The arrangement of the platform was exceedingly good, the sides being filled with plants, ferns and flowers, tastefully arranged by Mr Peden, of Sandgate Road. We shall be glad to hear of Mdlme Gould soon paying Folkestone another visit.—*Folkestone News.*

HADLOW.—A bazaar has been held in the grounds of Hadlow Park (kindly lent for the occasion by Lady Yardley), in aid of the fund for paying off the debt on the new organ chamber in Hadlow Church. Tents were erected for the purpose, presided over by Mrs Edward Leney, (of Hadlow Place) and her sisters, the Misses Laurence; Mrs Monypenny and Mrs Hargreaves; Lady Yardley, the Misses Yardley, Misses Wilkin, Hales, E. Simmons, and Taylor. The refreshment tent was under the care of Mrs and the Misses Golding, the Fine Art Gallery by Mrs C. Stow and E. Yardley. In another tent was "Fortune Telling," conducted by Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, (dressed most becomingly as a gipsy), which formed one of the great attractions of the afternoon, numbers of young ladies crowding round it anxiously awaiting their turn to learn their future fate. Among the visitors were the Baroness de Larpen and party, Col. and Mrs Evans, &c. During the afternoon the Birling Band played some excellent music. The exact amount realized by the bazaar is not yet known, but is believed to be between £80 and £90. The

debt on the organ chamber was about £260, and it is hoped that after one or two more similar exertions have been made to wipe it off, the debt will be a thing of the past.—*Tonbridge Free Press.*

OSWESTRY.—The preparations for the Oswestry Triennial Musical Festival, to be held on Friday and Saturday, under the direction of Mr Henry Leslie, are approaching completion. The first festival, which was the outcome of Mr Leslie's efforts and influence, was held in 1879. That festival resulted in the establishment of a school of music for the district, with Oswestry as its centre, and it was resolved that the festival should be held triennially. A number of village choirs were afterwards formed in connection with the school of music, and the progress made by these choirs suggested to Mr Leslie the idea of organizing a festival of village choirs, with the primary object of improving congregational singing. This project was most successfully carried out last year, when 1,700 persons assembled in the Cross Market at Oswestry to listen to the singing of a choir of 1,200 voices. Owing to acoustic and other defects which were discovered in the Market Hall, and which could not be well overcome, this year's festival will be held in the Powis Hall. On Friday morning the first and second parts of the *Creation* will be performed, and will be followed by miscellaneous selections. The soloists will be Miss Anna Williams, Mr J. Maas, and Mr H. Blower. The choruses will be sung by the Oswestry Festival Choir, and there will be a full professional band. In the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert, in which Mr John Thomas (Pencerild Gwalia) will take part. On Saturday at noon the village choirs will compete for a banner of honour. There also will be a competition by the juvenile choirs, and prizes will be awarded for singing at sight.—*Local paper.*

PRESTON.—The Royal English Opera Company commenced a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening, when Gounod's *Faust* was submitted to a crowded house. This troupe includes many celebrated artists, such as Mdlme Roze Hersee, Miss Ellen Armstrong, Miss Philippine Siedle, Messrs J. Sauvage, W. Parkinson, Aynsley Cook, R. Temple, Charles Lyall, Faulkner Leigh, Ernest Harrison, Frederick C. Packard, and Mdlme Blanche Cole, who have all won laurels. The caste on Monday evening was strong. It was:—Faust, Mr F. C. Packard; Valentine, Mr Jas. Sauvage; Mephistopheles, Mr R. Temple; Siebel, Miss Ellen Armstrong; Martha, Mrs Oliver Summers; and Marguerite, Mdlme Blanche Cole. The plot was gradually and skilfully unfolded, and the interest once aroused, was not only fed but well sustained. Everyone knows that Satan, in the guise of Mephistopheles, is the motive power of the opera, and hence it is necessary that he who takes that rôle should not only be a superior singer but a gifted actor. These attributes Mr Temple possesses, he sings correctly and with good enunciation and feeling. For the serenade "Maiden now in peace" he was rapturously encored. Mr Packard, a charming tenor, had a very intelligent conception of the title character, while Mr Sauvage played and sung as Valentine with both brilliancy and energy. Madame Blanche Cole was suffering from influenza, but the lady, heard even at such a disadvantage, did not fail to please. She interpreted the music allotted to her share with skill, care, and verve. Miss Armstrong is a competent cantatrice, and in the fourth act complied with the wishes of the audience for an encore. Mrs Oliver Summers was engaging as Martha. The chorus did good service, especially in the "Wine or beer" chorus, and the orchestra is very efficient. The principal dancers were the Sisters Elliott, and the conductors Mr A. Howell and Mr J. Edwards. Last night Bellini's *Sonnambula* was performed, and Mr Aynsley Cook, an old Preston favourite, was much enjoyed. Mdlme Roze Hersee, as Amina, proved that she deserved the reputation which had preceded her arrival in Preston. To-night (Wednesday), *The Marriage of Figaro*, to-morrow, (Thursday), *Il Trovatore*; Friday, *Les Huguenots*; and on Saturday *Fra Diavolo* will be presented.—*Preston Herald, Sept. 13, 1882.*

BERLIN.—The Italian company at the Philharmonie have given *La Sonnambula*, with Varesi as Amina. The lady, who pleased both as vocalist and actress, is becoming a great favourite.—At a performance in aid of the Berlin Press Association, Theodor Wachtel gave his aid. To mark their sense of the service rendered, the Association presented him with a bronze vase bearing this inscription: "To the Tenor Prince, in grateful remembrance, from the Berlin Press Association."

THERE is no foundation for the report that Joseph Joachim has resigned the post of "Principal" at the Berlin "Hochschule." He has simply re-organized it, with the consent and approval of his fellow professors, and among the rest, of Herr Kiel. In fact, there will be, in lieu of a Director, a *Directorium*, over which Joachim continues to occupy the place of honour, as well befits his exceptional merit. We shall return to the subject.

THE PATTI CONCERT AT SWANSEA.

(Correspondence of the "Western Mail.")

No musical event that has taken place in South Wales has ever caused a greater sensation than the concert given by Mme Adeline Patti, assisted by some of her distinguished musical friends, at the Albert Hall, Swansea, on Thursday week. The interest created by the performances of the famous Welsh Choir which, under the leadership of Caradoc, won the prize for choral singing at the Crystal Palace, was of quite a different character, and was based more upon national and patriotic sentiment than upon purely artistic considerations. The nearest approach to the *furor* occasioned by Mme Patti's appearance in Swansea was excited by the visit of Jenny Lind to Cardiff more than a quarter of a century ago. But in that case "the Swedish Nightingale" sang for the benefit of herself or her *impresario*, whilst, in the present instance, the Italian Queen of Song, with a generosity which does as infinite credit to her heart as her vocal achievements to the trained artistic faculty of which they are the result, has sung for the benefit of one of the most catholic and deserving charities in the world—a hospital for the relief of the sick and suffering. Some who read these lines will remember how the greedy herd of speculators in the Jenny Lind tickets burnt their fingers, having ultimately to dispose of places they had reserved at a great loss instead of reaping the usurious premium anticipated. If there was no speculation in the Patti concert tickets there was an ample demand to fill to its utmost capacity the capacious hall in which the entertainment was given. All the rank and fashion of Swansea were present—in fact, the local world and his wife may be said to have been there, and there were also representatives of the great towns in the Principality, attracted partly by the fame of the *prima donna*, partly by curiosity, and partly by a genuine love of musical art, which, in this instance, was embodied in its most distinguished form. So great has been the financial success of the concert that it is anticipated that a sum of between £700 and £800 will be available, after defraying all the incidental expenses, for the Swansea Hospital. This may be regarded as a free gift on the part of Mme Adeline Patti to the Swansea charity. It is true that she was assisted in her concert by a number of eminent artists, but it is no disparagement of their motives to say that their services were rendered out of regard to their hostess rather than as acts of individual charity. I have heard her many times in grand opera, and on the concert-room stage, but never in finer voice; nor can I believe that she ever strove more earnestly to please her audience than yesterday afternoon in the music-hall at Swansea. Her first piece, "The Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, was magnificently given and rapturously applauded, whereupon she sang her always welcome "Home, sweet home" with a grace and pathos that has never been excelled. In the second part her duet with Signor Nicolini, "Parigi o cara," from *La Traviata*, was re-demanded and repeated accordingly. But it was when, at the close of the concert, the *beneficiaire*, I was almost going to write, but I recollect myself and substitute the more appropriate phrase, *benefactress*—sang Verdi's "Ernani involami" that the enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. The house rose at the fair *prima donna*. Showers of bouquets were thrown upon the stage, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and "bravissimas" were shouted with tremendous effulgence. In vain Mme Patti bowed to every portion of the audience; they would not let her pass from their sight. So, with a charming readiness to oblige, she motioned to the conductor and sang "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Town." When her voice had died away the acclamations of the audience again rent the air, and the beautiful singer was cheered to the echo as she left the stage. Then we all experienced a delightful surprise, for unsolicited, and of her own free will, the Queen of Song came back and sang "Coming thro' the rye." It would be impossible to describe the witchery and vivacity which were imparted to the rendering of this charming little song. The space at my disposal will not admit of more than a passing reference to the artists who assisted Mme Patti. Signor Nicolini was in capital voice, and by his rendering of the music entrusted to him added greatly to the interest of the concert. Mademoiselle Therese Castellan's violin solos will be long remembered as most marvellous performances upon a most marvellous instrument. Signor Bonetti sang with much humour and ability. Signor Tito Mattei's pianoforte solos were of themselves worth all the money that was paid for the concert. The ease and grace of his execution, the taste and feeling of his expression were a lesson the audience must have profited by. Nor must I forget to mention the services rendered by Herr Ganz the conductor. Suffice it to say that his services were worthy of the occasion, and of the distinguished artists with whom Herr Ganz was associated. I believe all the artists, together with Mr Josiah Pittman and Mr Edward Hall, of the Covent Garden Opera, are at present the guests of Mme Adeline Patti at Craig-y-Nos. Crowds of people assembled to

witness the arrival and departure of the *prima donna*, and so great was the interest that the streets from the station to the music hall were decorated with bunting and appropriate devices, whilst from various public institutions flags were displayed. In conclusion the general sentiment of Swansea was that by this gracious act of charity Mme Patti has won a high place in the estimation of her neighbours, who henceforth will never think of the Lady of Craig-y-Nos without remembering how to the generous impulse of her heart is due a queenly benefaction to a deserving institution.

MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY AT BADEN-BADEN.

Mme Montigny-Rémaury has achieved the conquest of all the *dilettanti* here. She played yesterday at the grand concert, with all the dash, fire, and spirit characterizing her splendid talent, Beethoven's Concerto in C (No. 1), together with an "Introduction and Allegro" by Benjamin Godard. The applause burst forth so vehemently after Beethoven's Concerto that she was compelled to resume her seat and play a short solo piece. Seldom have we seen our public—which is cosmopolitan and consequently little homogeneous in its tastes and aspirations—so unanimous in applauding a foreign artist. It is a great triumph for the French pianist, who was presented with a gorgeous silver crown. We sincerely congratulate her and add: "May we soon see you again."—(Correspondence of the "Ménestrel.")

A LIVERPUDLIAN VIEW OF THE "NIBELUNGEN."

(Concluded from page 574.)

The *Walküre* is in many respects more interesting to listen to; there is some human interest in it, and the music is far more vocal than that of the *Rhinegold*. Wotan now appears as the father of two mortals—twins, and, as a matter of course involves them in the direst misfortune. These wretched creatures, by his permission, if not instigation, form an unnatural attachment for one another, although they are aware of their relationship. It is an unpleasant episode, quite unnecessary for the development of the story, and need not be dwelt upon. No sooner is the mischief done than Fricka, who suddenly becomes the representative of indignant virtue, though she ought surely to have become inured to similar lapses amongst the "gods," appears before Wotan, and by dint of scolding forces him to punish by death and destruction his unhappy offspring. Was there ever such a poor, miserable "god," able to work nothing but ill to his creatures! He has, moreover, nine daughters, born of Erda, the goddess of primeval wisdom, and these frisky young ladies pass most of their time on horse-back, riding through storms to battlefields, where they devote to slaughter the bravest amongst mortal combatants, in order to carry them off to Walhalla to become demi-gods and boozing companions of old father Wotan! In order to fulfil his promise to Fricka, Wotan commands Brünnhilde, one of the nine daughters, to lead Siegmund, his devoted son, up to slaughter, which she at first undertakes to do. When, however, she sees Siegmund, and his half-dying wife, she compassionates them, and endeavours to avert the doom which her presence should tell her is inevitable. She makes the attempt, however, and the result is that Wotan himself has first to assist in his son's despatch and then to punish his luckless agent by striking him dead. The music of this scene is very protracted, and consequently wearisome to listen to, but the ride of the Walkyries is full of character, though noisy. The mechanical representation of the ride was, to say the least of it, unfortunate, and more provocative of mirth than terror. To close the act, there remains but the punishment of Brünnhilde for disobeying old Wotan, and "relenting" in so undignified a manner, so the All-father storms at her, degrades her, and not being able to do anything worse, puts her into a magic slumber from which she is to be awakened by the kiss of a mortal, and to become subject to him by the power of love. The whole of this scene is highly dramatic, and much more melodious than anything that has gone before. If shortened to reasonable limits, it is even capable of giving pleasure; but, spun out as it is, it is a heavy tax on the hearer, who has to guess at a not overpoweringly interesting story from 7.30 till 12.15, at which time the first opera-drama *Die Walküre*, ended. Before proceeding further, I should in fairness mention that the love duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, in the first scene, is in places very fine—full of melodious and impassioned writing, showing what Wagner could do if he did not fetter himself by his own theories. There is, however, too much repetition of familiar phrases; and as this is done at caprice and regardless of length, the hearer is rather wearied than interested.

The second section of the "Trilogy" is devoted to the story of

Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde. He, it appears, has fallen into the hands of a "designing dwarf," who educates him. While still in pupillage he forges a magic sword, "Nothung," with which he sallies forth to kill the dragon that guards the Rhinegold, achieving which, and in possession of sundry other potencies, he arouses Brünnhilde from her mysterious sleep, and with the inevitable love rhapsody the piece concludes. *Siegfried* is not so interesting a drama as the *Walküre*, nor has it so much engaging music; it is just as oppressive from its extreme length, the final love duet lasting about half an hour, in which a remarkable love motive borrowed from Chopin's *Andante Spianato*, comes over and over again *ad nauseam*. The bird's song, and scene of Siegfried under the tree, is charming, and makes one think over and over again that it is a pity that Wagner cannot conform to ordinary operatic rules as to length, self-restraint, and the partiality of the majority for the song form, as he would no doubt be able in that case to appeal successfully to a less restricted circle. But Wagner has evidently no respect for singing as an art. In these dramas it is nearly all declamation, and in the nearest approach to *cantilena* it is in the strident school of Verdi, and is hardly more than impassioned yelling. Of course, the nearer the singers get to breaking a blood-vessel, the more the unintelligent applaud, and so I suppose, as some find this easier to do than to sing artistically, it will remain the vogue so long as the public encourage it. As to the matter of tune, so far as Wagner attains to it, I do not consider him original at all. Many of his best phrases—most indeed—are Weber's and Meyerbeer's; nor is he uninfluenced by Verdi and Chopin. Wagner's individuality is most signally manifested in his orchestration, which may be considered as a development of what Meyerbeer and others have done, and very much influenced by the works of Hector Berlioz; to me it seems overdone, entailing needless expense, an overpowering noise, and conditions which render their adequate presentation almost impossible. The pantomimic effects in this section, including the slaying of the dragon and deliverance of Brünnhilde, were poorer than anything I ever saw in a pantomime, and in the first instance moved a very sympathetic audience, "fit though few," to frequent laughter.

As the concluding section of the Trilogy, called the *Götterdämmerung*, consists of a prologue and three acts, the audience were required to be present as early as half-past six—another addition to the disagreeables of this exacting work. The prologue begins with a dreary and uninteresting scene between the three Norns, who foretell the approaching destruction of the "gods." On their disappearance Siegfried and Brünnhilde enter; he has donned her armour, in order, on the steed Grane, to go forth in quest of adventures. Why, when he is in possession of everything necessary to his happiness, is only known to Wagner and himself. After a noisy and protracted scene between the lovers, Siegfried departs and "she is left lamenting."

The third part of the Trilogy opens in the halls of the Gibichungs. Here is found the villain, Hagen, son of Alberich, now dead, and a noble chief, Gunther, with his sister, Gutrune. These two seem innocent people enough until Hagen puts it into their heads that Gunther ought to possess Brünnhilde in order to ensure perfect happiness, and Gutrune to be mated with Siegfried. How this is brought about by means of a magic potion administered to Siegfried, who shortly after appears on the scene; how Siegfried consequently forgets all about Brünnhilde and devotes himself to Gutrune; how Siegfried makes Brünnhilde over to Gunther, to that lady's intense disgust; how Siegfried goes out hunting and is treacherously slain by Hagen; and how everyone gets killed save Brünnhilde, who commits suicide after restoring the accursed Rhinegold ring to the Rhine nymphs—it would serve little purpose to tell, and would demand no little time and trouble, which after so much said may fitly be dispensed with. The final catastrophe somehow brings about the end of the "gods," though one would have thought that restitution having been made, the "gods" might have avoided their doom; but so it is, and in the midst of a tremendous disturbance of the elements, the Rhine rising to the heavens, and the heavens being in flames, this extraordinary farrago of power, impotence, crime, and cruelty, incoherent throughout, comes to an end. As a specimen of "rational" opera as against the old style of thing, it is no whit the better; and, if a drama is to be treated vocally at all, surely it is preferable that it should be done by pleasing and appropriate strains rather than by howls and yells and descriptive noises in the orchestra, however illustrative. With his strong dramatic instincts and power of orchestration, Wagner might have carried on the grand tragic operas of Meyerbeer, or the more romantic series commenced by Weber, where the vocal charm gives relief to the declamatory passages necessary for the due conduct of the story; instead of which throughout the Trilogy there is nothing but declamation, unrelieved by melody, save of the

feeblest kind; and it is difficult to believe that for the general musical public such works can have any attraction. As for the scenic and dioramic effects, though well enough imagined by Wagner, they cannot be carried out as they should be, and become puerile and merely pantomimic. The Rhine catastrophe, for instance, where the river is supposed to overflow its banks, was represented by the ordinary green cloth elevated in a very clumsy way and waved about vigorously. What idea did this give of the overflow of a mighty stream? The conflagration of Walhalla in the heavens was represented by a poor transparency; and as for the dragon, it was more like a cow or a hippopotamus in appearance, and manifested no sign of animation save in opening its mouth. The poor horse that represented the fiery steed Grane was a weedy-looking animal, selected, of course, because of its being able to stand being sung at, and not minding fireworks much, and equally of course it showed no sign of a fiery, untamed nature, but the reverse; it was led in and out carefully, but it was evident the poor animal was by no means happy, and the declamatory shrieks of Brünnhilde at the last seemed to fill it with misgiving, not to say disgust. It seemed the only rational creature in the very absurd situation. I should not dwell on these manifest failures, which are no worse than those of the *Magic Flute*, for instance; but in that and such like works we go for the music and care little if the scenic effect is poor. With Wagner it is different. He has claimed so much in the way of having bettered on the old methods—which he has covered with unsparing ridicule—that one cannot avoid the obvious comment. As for the music, there is little to say about it after having said that its effect lies in the orchestration. From the necessity of its construction it is so fragmentary and broken up that it is impossible to judge of it as music. Then, throughout these works singing as an art is nowhere manifested, and I should judge, consequently, that Wagner knows nothing at all about it. It is all declamation, nearly always awkward to sing; intervals are taken that it is almost impossible for the singer to take in tune, and there is much that is unpleasant and painful to listen to. As an illustration of the text, moreover, it is so overdone as to overpower the voices; consequently much of the point of it is lost. As stated before, as a melodist Wagner is feeble and by no means original, and as for developing an idea, it does not seem to be in him—there is abundant reproduction of it in different keys, but no elaboration of a fine thought. With all this, there is an abundance of poetical feeling, airy fancy, and charming effects. How far these may tell on a general audience I have no means of judging. I should say that for the proper appreciation of them a man ought to be an advanced musician, and, moreover, should agree generally with Wagnerian theories. Of course there is no knowing how far musical knowledge may develop in the future, but until it becomes more general and profound, one can hardly expect such music dramas to become popular, or to find even moderate acceptance.

WAIFS.

Several new compositions by the Commendatore Francesco Schira will shortly be published by Ricordi, Milan.

Bianca Donadio is singing at Barcelona.

A new theatre is being erected at Mantua.

Mr F. B. Jewson has returned from Ramsgate.

The Théâtre Bériot at Louvain has been burnt down.

Mr Handel Gear has returned from his tour in Germany.

A new opera, *Iolanda*, by Villafiorita, has been given at Adria.

Mrs Jewson and family have returned from St Leonards-on-Sea.

"Blind Tom," the musical negro, has been studying the flute.

Rovira, manager of the Teatro Real, Madrid, was lately in Milan.

Emil Gotze, tenor, is re-engaged for five years at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mr Ignace Gibsone has returned from his visit to Shanklin (Isle of Wight.)

A new Mass by Franz Liszt is to be performed at the end of next month in Vienna.

It is said that Mad. Anna Bishop is about to write her recollections of the stage.

The Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos have given a series of performances at Bilbao.

The Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, will be opened on the 30th inst. with *Les Huguenots*.

Joseph Staudigl, of the Theatre, Carlsruhe, is created a Grand-Ducal Chamber-Singer.

Wagner will again spend the autumn and winter in Italy. His resting place is Venice.

King Albert of Saxony has accepted the dedication of Carl Gramman's opera, *Thunsheld*.

Maurice Strakosch arrived in New York on the 31st August, after an absence of two years.

Mad. Nicot-(Bilbaut)-Vauchet, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, has been safely delivered of a daughter.

Joseph, brother of the late Joachim, Raff, is living at Oswego, Cayuga County, state of New York.

Tagliana commences on the 1st January a four months' engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Pianoforte Manufactory of Hardmann, Dowling, and Peck, New York, has been destroyed by fire.

Miss Rosa Kenney is engaged at the Imperial Theatre to play the character of Phoebe in *As You Like It*.

A new German National Theatre is to be erected in Prague on the site now occupied by the "Neustädter."

Miss Francesca J. Ferrari, who has been passing her vacation in Scotland, has arrived in town for the season.

Marianne (Kundry) Brandt concluded a successful engagement at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, as Leonore in *Fidelio*.

Tamberlik, foremost of the C sharp tenors ("*de poitrine*") took part recently in a concert at the Casino, Trouville.

Pauline Lucca's appearance at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been postponed from next December to April, 1883.

Emma Thursby's first New York concert is fixed for the 3rd October. (Comfortable New Yorkers!—Dr Bldgr.)

Theodor Eisfeld, conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, died on the 4th inst. He was born at Wolfenbüttel in 1816.

Max Albert, the well-known zitherist, died in Berlin on the 1st inst. in his fiftieth year. He was born in March (1833).

Messrs Remington are publishing a biography of Balfe (by W. A. Barrett), with portraits of the musical celebrities of his day.

Das steinerne Herz, romantic opera, book and music by Theobald Rehbaum, of Berlin, is accepted at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Johannes Elmlad, the popular concert-singer, has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, as the Commander in *Don Juan*.

Not being considered safe in case of an outbreak of fire, the Stadttheater, Kiel, has been closed by order of the municipality.

The managers of the Scala, Milan, and Teatro Apollo, Rome, intend entering into partnership and working the two theatres in common.

Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon*, with pretty little Lablancie in the principal female character, has been produced at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Ullmann is organizing for next season a concert-tour, with Etelka Gerster as leading vocalist, in Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia.

Willem de Haan, conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, has composed the music of a grand opera, *Die Kaisertochter*, book by W. Jacoby, of Mayence.

The prize offered by the Real Istituto Musicale, Florence, for the best five-part chorus, has been awarded to Camillo di Nardis, Naples. There were thirty competitors.

Mille Feyghine, whose sad death has caused so great an impression, was a cousin of Servais, the celebrated violoncellist, and a niece of Joachim. (Joseph?—Dr Bldgr.)

Signor Bevigiani, who has returned from his tour in Italy, leaves London for St Petersburg on Monday next, to fulfil his engagement as conductor of the Imperial Italian Opera.

"GRASP THE FLAG."—Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept, and to approve of, the new patriotic song (poetry by Carleon, music by Hugh Clendon), entitled "Grasp the Flag."

Eduard Strauss and his band commence on the 25th inst. a concert tour, during which they will visit Stuttgart, Cologne, and Munich. The first concert, in the large hall of the Musical Association, Vienna, is announced for November 5th.

Mr Oberthür has arrived in town from his tour in Germany. After leaving Munich, he explored parts of the Tyrol, and then proceeded to Vienna, where he was fêted by Herr Zamara and his many friends. From Vienna Mr Oberthür visited Salzburg, Stuttgart, Baden-Baden, and Frankfort, stopping, of course, at Drexel's (Hotel de Russie), where he met his *cara sposa*, accompanied by her niece (little Miss Mischief), and returned, *via* the Rhine and Cologne, to London.

MADRID.—A feature of the approaching Italian season, under the management of Rovira, at the Teatro Real is *Mefistofele*, got up and conducted by Arrigo Boito himself. The season is to be inaugurated on the 1st October with *Les Huguenots*, the leading parts sustained by Elena Theodorini and Masini. The second opera being *Lucia*, for the debut of Marcella Sembrich as the ill-starred heroine, supported by Lestellier as Edgardo and Pandolfini as Enrico. The third, *La Juive*, with another debut, that of Mme Fursch-Madi. The fourth and fifth operas are to be *Dinorah* and *Le Prophète*, Sembrich impersonating the heroine in each.

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